

A movie poster featuring five Star Wars characters against a dark, starry background. At the top left is Yoda. In the center is Luke Skywalker. To his right is Obi-Wan Kenobi. On the bottom left is Han Solo holding a blaster. On the bottom right is Padmé Amidala. The title 'SLIPPERY WHEN WET' is written in a large, teal, 3D block font across the middle. At the bottom, the text 'VENGER AS'NAS SATANIS' is written in a smaller, teal, blocky font.

SLIPPERY WHEN WET

VENGER AS'NAS SATANIS

Slippery When Wet

ANTICIPATION IS A DIRTY WORD

Creating a sense of anticipation is a worthwhile technique no matter what genre or artistic vehicle you choose. However, this blog post is about erotic anticipation (I can get away with using the word "erotic" here because I haven't gotten to the really sleazy parts yet). I'm talking about my own space opera RPG *Alpha Blue*, specifically. Although, any game can benefit from occasional titillation.

You've seen it in plenty of movies, TV shows, books, etc. This is a case of art imitating life. In the real world, human beings like to be teased. Or rather, they hate being teased but also love it simultaneously. It's part of the build-up, the suspense. You don't start showing hardcore action or a gruesome death scene in the first 30 seconds or first paragraph. No, you work up to it, giving the audience a little background, character development, and plot points.

After establishing the basics, give the audience a taste, but not too much. Whet their appetites so as to build up desire. Here's an example from one of my own *Alpha Blue* sessions: there's a beautiful service droid aboard the PC's starship. I'm not going to have her walk onto the flight deck, sit down in the captain's chair, spread her legs, and say "Come and get it, boys." Where's the anticipation in that? Instead, the PCs notice her getting out of a magnetic shower... they catch a brief glimpse of her synthetic flesh glistening with violet droplets - then she's quickly covered in a space towel and back in her room.

That idea is going to subtly play in the players' minds. It's going to (hopefully) subconsciously arouse them. Not necessarily in a sexual way, I'm talking about waking up the senses, as well as, signaling to the players that nothing's definite, but sex may happen down the road. For the vast majority of men and women, that's hot. Sexual activity for the sake of it is nice, but the build-up makes it better.

The GM can take the anticipation idea further by layering additional moments. As the KB-69 droid (I envision her looking like Kristen Bell) strains to reload her blaster, she bites her lower lip and makes soft grunting noises - reminding you of that prostitute from Rigel 12.

Little breadcrumbs like that sprinkled here and there - such as an appetizer course - can really pave the way for the main course. The main course is what we want. It's the good stuff. But in order for the main event to be as satisfying, the GM should make preparations.

And let's not forget that the act of sex is an activity that benefits from escalation - a sort of procedural anticipation. As stated in Monty Python's **Meaning of Life**, one shouldn't jump in head first towards the clitoris! Try a kiss first or a soft caress. I can remember my first *Alpha Blue* session on Roll20. The PC ran his finger... or maybe it was the barrel of his laser, down her stomach and along her thigh. It was a move that initiated sex between his character and some space princess NPC.

Try some dialog to get things going. Words and phrases can be bigger sexual triggers than actions, so don't be afraid of using them. Even something as forward as, "I want to taste you," can have the right effect. As in life, there are no guarantees. Whoever you're trying to entice could decide to knee you in the groin, but that's just the way things go sometimes.

Most of all, enjoy the game you're playing. Easing into things can make everyone feel more comfortable while building much needed anticipation for what's to come.

**'I want
to
taste
you.'**



FUTURISTIC EXCLAMATIONS!!!

Maybe you're furious, frustrated beyond belief, or about to be swallowed by a foul Marmydon... and you need something that's going to make an impact but doesn't break the genre wall.

**'Well, color
my hole
black.'**

Roll	Result
1	Floop... there it is!
2	By the blonde beard of Bowie!
3	Curse your third eye!
4	Shizzle-spark-tizzle!
5	Wait, what orifice was that?!?
6	Well, color my hole black!
7	Damn, that's a fine worm hole!
8	Sorry, I didn't mean to insert my Vulkoor proboscis into your Sluvian vac-todger!
9	That's luckier than a shit-slug on a waste disposal asteroid!
10	HOW MUCH!?! Go shove a tentacle in your egg-bearer's hairy flange-pod, frackhole!

11	My god, it's full of star-arse!
12	She can suck a sloob-ball through a bong-pipe.
13	Don't blame me, I voted for President Zarb!
14	Shall we indulge in Rishathra?
15	Suck-creamed as a quambeast nobble!
16	I cringe my dribbles at your resplendent poffle-snoo!
17	Thrice endowed supreme donkey of the trouser-pods!
18	You have most pleasantly wibbled my frazick pouch!
19	Sheep squeezers of Splaticon 5!
20	You can have my purple prizm when you drink it out of my cold dead stasis field!

SAVING YOUR OWN SKIN

Tired of rolling attack and damage dice? For every d6 in an attack dice pool, assume it does 5 points of damage. 1d6 = 5 damage, 2d6 = 10, 3d6 = 15, 4d6 = 20, and so on.

Got shot up 52 times? Missed that saving throw? Alien hospital with replacement parts in another part of the galaxy? Nothing left for you to clone? What do you do when there seems to be no way out, but you feel like the game must still go on (without creating a new character)?

This is a little technique I picked up from Dan Harmon's animated sleazy sci-fi TV show **Rick and Morty**. There seems to be a nearly infinite number of parallel worlds or alternate realities in the universe... and perhaps an infinite number of universes.

If you have the right tools, why not jump sideways into another parallel reality where a certain character is still alive? Maybe jump that character to your world just before he dies - **Freejack** style? After all, given an infinite number of worlds, that character is always dying somewhere.

If the PCs want such a device, it's going to cost them. Specifically, it costs 50,000 credits. I just made that number up. You're the Space Dungeon Master, so

you could slap a 500 credit price-tag on it, if you wanted to. Or maybe it just falls into the PCs' lap.

When one or more PCs attempt to slide into another reality, roll a d6. If the result comes up either a "1" or "2," roll on the random table below.

MULTIVERSE MALFUNCTIONS

Roll	Result
1	You just broke the multiverse. There are cracks between universes, just like a bird crashing into your window. Virtually anything can get in or out now.
2	Whatever alternate reality you were messing around with, it has a terrible secret – Hell is following you home – and its razor-burned herald has just clawed out his own eyes so he can see the darkness more perfectly.
3	You got more than you bargained for. Whatever you took or deposited has a double or maybe even a triple. No idea why, just does.
4	You're too late. Whatever you were looking for already got taken or used up.
5	In the middle of your business, you're intercepted by the multiverse police. They detain you in hyperspace for questioning.
6	This new universe you just discovered is wrong, so wrong! It's like if Hitler became ruler of the world, America turned into an Escape from New York style prison, and Smash Mouth was the biggest band in the world. Things are so bad the PCs feel compelled to make things right.

THE MENTAD

Who or what is a mentad? Nothing more or less than a human computer. There are certain sections of the universe, namely the Sa'rung galaxy, where machines are as deadly to humanoid life as poison. Places where robot uprisings, revolutions, and organic genocide were common. In lieu of using machines, biological computers evolved.

Once the Organic Purge had begun, the death toll climbed to nearly a billion humanoids. Eventually, the machines were overthrown and destroyed.

By then, the vast majority of day-to-day life was founded on technology. The entirety of mentad culture contained within and driven by digital streams of information along the cyberspace highways of The Network.

But how to continue with the level of civilization reached without the help of machines? Rather than allow themselves to be thrown back into the dark ages, the people of Sa'rung developed schools. These schools taught gifted individuals how to re-train their minds to act as computers. These individuals are known as the mentad.

For centuries, the mentad handled The Network and facilitated a bio-technology that kept the galaxy from degenerating into cave-dwelling barbarians. Unfortunately, replicating the computational abilities of machines comes at a cost - no sex, no sleaze, no titillation of any kind... and especially no porn!

Almost as bad for the Sa'rung galaxy, a species of parasitic insectoids called the zantians were attracted to the highly developed thought patterns of the mentad. The zantians migrated to the Sa'rung galaxy en masse, using mentad bodies as host organisms for their own alien consciousness.

ZANTIANS

The zantians are an ancient race, even older than the Time Masters. They are intelligent, aggressive, and ambitious, but being insects, lack the physicality to rule the universe. That's why they need to infect humanoids with their essence.

The mentad are ideal hosts for the zantians, allowing the insects access to The Network - a sort of receptacle for all knowledge, anti-social behavior, and marketing scams.

THE NETWORK

The Network is an artificial and some would say imaginary location warehousing all the information available to the Sa'rung galaxy. Everything the people think, say, do, or fantasize about is recorded in The Network.

Now that the zantians have usurped the mentad, they have full access to The Network. Within that holy matrix of knowledge resides everything that is stupid,

crass, obnoxious, hateful, ignorant, juvenile, and ridiculous. Most impressive of all, the mentad were able to purge The Network of porn. Nothing erotic or arousing is permitted there.

And yet, at the end of the proverbial rainbow lies something that transcends it all, the equivalent of the true name of God or the meaning of life, the universe, and everything. I am, of course, referring to naked pictures of Felicity Jance that were uploaded into The Network and hid by 1,000 hacker-cultists.

With photographic evidence of Felicity Jance without clothes, the zantians will have the power to dominate the galaxy... and then some.

FELICITY JANCE

As a teenager, Felicity Jance was an above average popstar. She had a string of minor hits, though some consider her to be a "one hit wonder" with the song "This is my Puddin' Pop."

In her early twenties, the former popstar attained modest, albeit short-lived success playing the lead on a TV show called Princess Mermaid. The show was cancelled halfway through its third season when the executive producer died by way of sexual misadventure involving the show's star.

By her mid-twenties, Felicity Jance couldn't find legitimate work so she turned to porn - skin magazines, phone sex, loops, interactive webcam, and feature length films of fucking and sucking.

Then, just before turning 30, she auditioned for a role in an independent movie that hit it big. From there, Felicity Jance became a huge success. With her once-again-found fame, the celebrity used her power to expunge her racy exploits from every iteration of "the internet" that could be found in this universe.

By and large, she succeeded. Virtually all of Felicity's porn past disappeared without a trace. However, The Network wasn't wiped clean because of its reputation for purity. A secret cache of nude photos and two-minute clips of lesbianism, masturbation, and inter-species cream pie was hidden from view by a collective of Network hacker-cultists who knew the power of what they saw.

THE HOOK

The PCs are minding their own business, traveling to some obscure planet on the edge of who-gives-a-fuck when the ship's scanners pick up an anomaly.

A small starship comes out of hyperspace extremely close to the PCs only to engage its self-destruct program. The hyperspatial proximity has affected the warp drive of the PC's ship. It's going to take a couple of standard minutes to get things back on track. In the meantime, the space adventurers can't move.

The PC's ship is within blast radius. Firing upon the ship could also create an explosion that would take out the PCs, so that's out. Opening a communication frequency is really the only option.

The unknown ship is being piloted by one being - an alien humanoid named G'nord. G'nord is carrying a data crystal - it contains the last known whereabouts of Felicity Jance porn on The Network. The mentad are following G'nord in their battlecruisers. They are close behind, appearing in the general vicinity within 10 standard minutes.

G'nord can't let the mentad - now host to the zantians - discover the location of pornography on The Network.

COMMUNICATING WITH G'NORD

It won't be easy to talk G'nord down off the ledge. He's given this some thought and has decided that his life is disposable if it means the universe can see Felicity Jance naked. However, if the PCs present some kind of plan for hiding the data crystal from the mentad, he's willing to try it.

Maybe the PCs will beam G'nord aboard their ship? Maybe they'll take the data crystal and let G'nord go on his way? Perhaps the PCs will download the data crystal's information and then G'nord can crush the crystal beneath his tentacles?

DATA CRYSTAL INFORMATION

So, what does the data crystal have to say? That there's a variety of Felicity Jance porn on The Network,

but it can only be accessed or destroyed by visiting its external hardware location. The good stuff is currently being stored in the submerged citadel known as Aqua Vulva on the planet Neo Aquarius.

NEO AQUARIUS

Full-scale war has broken out on the watery planet of Neo Aquarius. The PCs will have to go down there and hope they don't get killed. The only way to Aqua Vulva is via underwater vessel (starships will just get waterlogged).

It just so happens that such a vessel is available on the outskirts of the fighting. However, PCs must wade into the battlefield in order to enter the underwater ship.

THE BATTLE

Lasers everywhere! All kinds of humanoids are fighting, screaming, and dying. Between explosions, the PCs make a break for it. There's nearly a parsec between them and the underwater vessel, which will take them about 10 minutes to negotiate if the PCs don't get distracted.

The PCs should try not to get killed. Go, go, go!

**'All kinds of
humanoids
are fighting,
screaming,
and dying.'**

WADING THROUGH THE BATTLE FIELD

Roll on the table below for each PC. Keep rolling for every 10 minutes they're involved in the battle until everyone is unconscious/dead or someone rolls a "12."

The random table after that if for those brave or foolish spacers who spend a little extra time (it takes about 10 standard minutes per sweep) looting the warzone before jumping into The Bearded Clam.

Roll	Result
1	You immediately get shot in the face - roll saving throw.
2	A laser-chainsaw hacks off one of your limbs - you're unconscious but in stable condition at zero Health.
3	You take 1d4 slugs to the torso - roll 2d6 damage per slug.
4	A thermal detonator goes off next to you - take 3d6 damage.
5	Some low-tech weapon slices through your armor. Blood leaks out of you like oil from a cut machine - roll 2d6 damage.
6	You're splashed with some toxic chemicals from a bio-weapon - take 2d6 damage and roll on the Mutations table (Alpha Blue, page 15).
7	Laser fire strafes you multiple times, but no one is fading your blaster tonight! Take 1d6 damage.
8	Whole lot of nothing - you don't kill anyone, but no one's harmed you, either.
9	You sustain superficial wounds (1d4 damage) but have taken out a couple enemy combatants.
10	You kill 1d4 of them while remaining relatively unscathed.
11	You've killed 2d6 opponents without so much as a scratch.
12	The battle quickly ends as you blast the Space Hell out of everyone. You're a war hero! You get a bonus "steal the spotlight" for this session.

PCs who've not yet used their "steal the spotlight" may burn it in order to roll twice and take the highest as the result.

LOOTING THE BATTLEFIELD

Roll	Result
1	A cracked warp drive that's leaking florescent green fluid everywhere - there's a 2 in 6 chance of the person who finds it and carries it around for a bit to hulk-out. From then on, when under incredible stress, that individual will become bright green and extra strong. All physical action dice pools double until the situation calms down. Also, the subject's reason is cut in half until the hulk effects wear off.
2	A disintegrator cannon - it'll take an hour or so to get it working again, but whatever you hit with it disintegrates! Such powerful weaponry requires 12 quadruple-A batteries, getting 3 shots per 12-pack of fresh batteries. A single quadruple-A battery costs about 100 credits.
3	Levitation boots - there's a pair of them on some dead or dying alien, so they have to be pulled off of him. They allow the wearer to levitate about 20' off the ground for short periods of time (about 10 minutes before recharging for a three hour period).
4	A cybernetic crab claw arm that can be attached in place of the user's actual arm - if used to harm, the user gets 4d6 dice pool of crushing power (also requires 6 quadruple-A batteries per day).
5	Power cells - they're fresh and waiting to be drained. Hook them up to a high-tech weapon of some kind and get a bonus d6 every time it's used. Lasts 10 uses or 3 days, whichever comes first.
6	A small hand-held device that glows purple - it's something called "holo-self." This technology allows the user to create a hologram of himself that can fool the naked eye. The hologram can be projected up to 100' away and lasts for one standard hour (then it needs to be recharged for six).

THE BEARDED CLAM

This underwater vessel can hold up to a dozen humanoids comfortably. It's a mid-sized ship made for exploring and traveling the ocean depths, perfect for a planet that is mostly water like Neo Aquarius. Below are just some of the features The Bearded Clam offers...

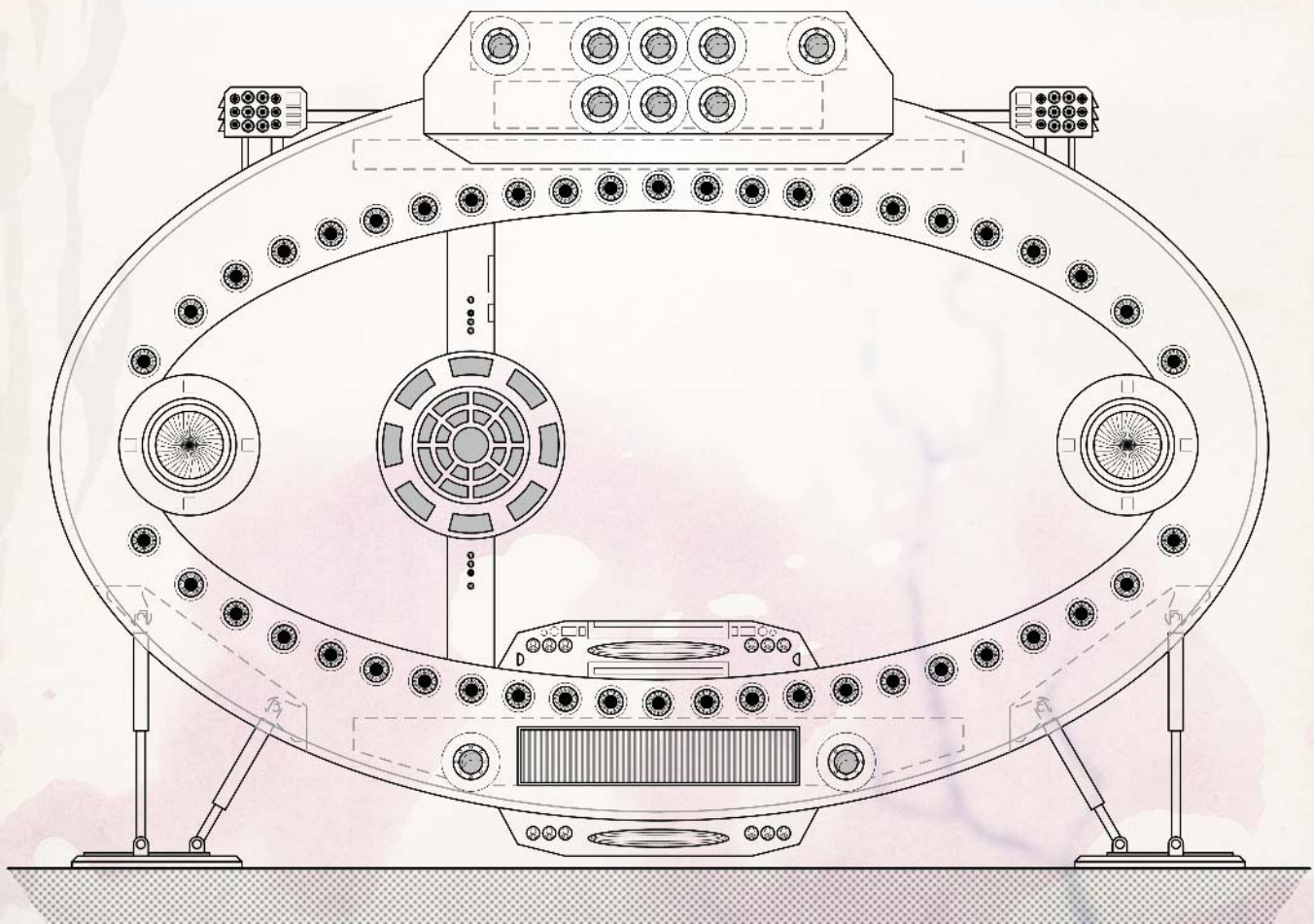
Pearl Necklace Capture Device - spurts a kind of squid-ink-like goo that captures other vessels, allowing them to be dragged into the cargo bay. The cargo bay is the giant maw-like ridged opening at the front.

Pilchard Mk5 Propulsion Jets - water is sucked in from the front and blasted out through the back.

Halibut Series Subsea Surface Stabilization Support System - known as HSSSSSS. Most people call it, the Snake System on account of the hissing sound in its name.

Electrical Filament Defence Covering - a hair-like covering that creates an electrical charge in the surrounding water to stun attacking sea creatures or disable enemy electrical systems.

Neptuna Corporation v3.1 Harpoontang - laser harpoons, ends are shaped like toothed muffs (Venus flytrap-like).





MERMAID GROTTO

Some ways from the battlefield, there are a few scantily-clad mermaids swimming in and out of a grotto. One mermaid is a brunette, another is blonde, and a red-head makes three. These mermaids are beautiful with milk-white skin and emerald-green scales shimmering on their lower halves.

Anyone looking can see their heaving breasts straining against little clamshells, barely covering their nipples.

If there's an NPC aboard, he'll say it. Otherwise, leave it to the ship's computer: "Have you ever heard the expression, 'More fun than motorboating a mermaid'? Of course not, because nothing is more fun than a mermaid motorboat."

The mermaids do their best to lure the PCs out of their ship with naughty hand gestures. They're bored and like to have company - especially male company. Although, the blonde is bi-sexual.

The brunette is named Aquata. The blonde is named Adella. The red-head is named Alana. All of them act shy at first, but can be quite aggressive when there is something they want. And right now... they want sex!

Typically, sex with a mermaid is titty-fucking followed shortly by a pearl necklace. Although, there's nothing wrong with getting a little creative.

After sex, the mermaids use their enchanting feminine wiles to force the PCs to help them. The mermaids want Chancellor Arboretum killed because he ordered the Aqua Vulva guards to steal their jewels.

Anyone who has sex with one or more mermaids is magically compelled to both assassinate Chancellor Arboretum and return the mermaids' jewels. There's only a 2 in 6 chance of resisting.

The mermaids have no weapons and cannot fight. If anyone tries to destroy them, the mermaids use their sexuality to turn things around - possibly enlisting the help of those who find them alluring.

LEVIATHAN ATTACK

There's a gargantuan beast below the waves and the PCs have to take The Bearded Clam through the Leviathan's territory before reaching Aqua Vulva.

If the PCs immediately take offensive action, they can stay in The Bearded Clam and destroy the Leviathan fairly easily. The Bearded Clam's laser cannons have an attack dice pool of 5d6. Each round, there's a 1 in 6 chance that the Leviathan will be able to disable The Bearded Clam.

However, if they try to avoid or maneuver around it, the Leviathan grabs the underwater vessel with one of its many tentacles, temporarily disabling it. Repairs will take about an hour.

If The Bearded Clam is damaged, the PCs must exit the ship and attack the thing on their own - or stay inside The Bearded Clam and get pulverized.

Leviathan

Health: 120 **Armor:** 0 **Number of Attacks:** 3

Attack Dice Pool: 3d6

Special: It's the size of an aircraft carrier, so Space Dungeon Masters should use their best judgement on how effective a PC's weapon will be. Also, the Leviathan cannot be reasoned with, dominated, or mind-controlled.

AQUA VULVA

The citadel glows with a blue-green illumination. The structure is part crystal, part coral with seaweed growing along all sides of it. It's a pleasing form of natural architecture that is home to hundreds of teal-skinned humanoids with neck-gills, allowing them to breathe underwater.

The citizens of Aqua Vulva don't know anything about Felicity Jance or any of this. So, they won't start fighting the PCs unless provoked. Chancellor Arboretum is well aware; however, he plays ignorant and has the PCs followed by a vulva guard.

The mentad, on the other hand, will try to stop the adventurers with deadly force.

If the PCs stopped to have sex with the mermaids, the mentad had time to reach the vault where the Felicity

Jance porn is located. If the PCs somehow resisted the mermaids' charms, they beat the mentad to the vault (easy to locate using technology).

Mentad

Number Appearing: 2d4 **Health:** 25 **Armor:** 0

Attack Dice Pool: 2d6

Special: With the help of the zantians, the mentad can blast opponents with their mind.

CHANCELLOR ARBORETUM

The Chancellor has already made his move. With the mermaids' jewels, he has bought his way into an alliance with Darth Facepalm.

Once the PCs have defeated the mentad, Chancellor Arboretum will signal Darth Facepalm to beam down and take the celebrity nudes and sex tapes from the adventurers.

The Chancellor himself is a cowardly weakling who can't shoot straight, so any attack on his person will be fatal.

DARTH FACEPALM

He's the epitome of villainous scum. Darth Facepalm sold his own mother into slavery, forced his sisters into prostitution, and killed his father in cold blood.

Once upon a time, Facepalm was an aspiring zedi but he was a narcissistic sociopath who inherited a billion credits from the family business - mining blue crystal. For the past decade, he's pretty much been a dick to everyone he's ever met. After space college, he joined the Knights in Black Satin, but eventually even the Black Satin Knights kicked him out of their dark order.

Now, Darth Facepalm wanders the universe, looking for disciples he can train as bodyguards and servants. He has a base in the next sector of the galaxy. It's his home and training facility, a supposedly impregnable deathtrap with all the latest security measures protecting a massive stockpile of blue crystal - even more valuable than ultra-diamonds. Darth Facepalm calls his base Dojo 13.

You know what he's going to do with those pictures of Felicity Jance? He's going to burn them and then sell

their ashes on laser-ebay. I mean... this guy is truly an asshole!

Darth Facepalm is also joined with his two disciples, Kontor and Aergon.

Darth Facepalm

Health: 70 **Armor:** 4 **Number of Attacks:** 2

Attack Dice Pool: 4d6

Special: Anyone trying to use their zedi powers on Darth Facepalm automatically gets one less d6 because he's trained as a zedi and knows all their tricks. Additionally, he wears a teleport vest that will instantly jaunt him away if he gets down to single digit (or lower) Health.

Treasure: His heavy pulse rifle does an additional 1d6 damage. He also carries 142 credits and a box of chipotle pretzel cheese puffs from Sirius 5.

Disciples Kontor and Aergon

Health: 30 **Armor:** 2 **Attack Dice Pool:** 3d6

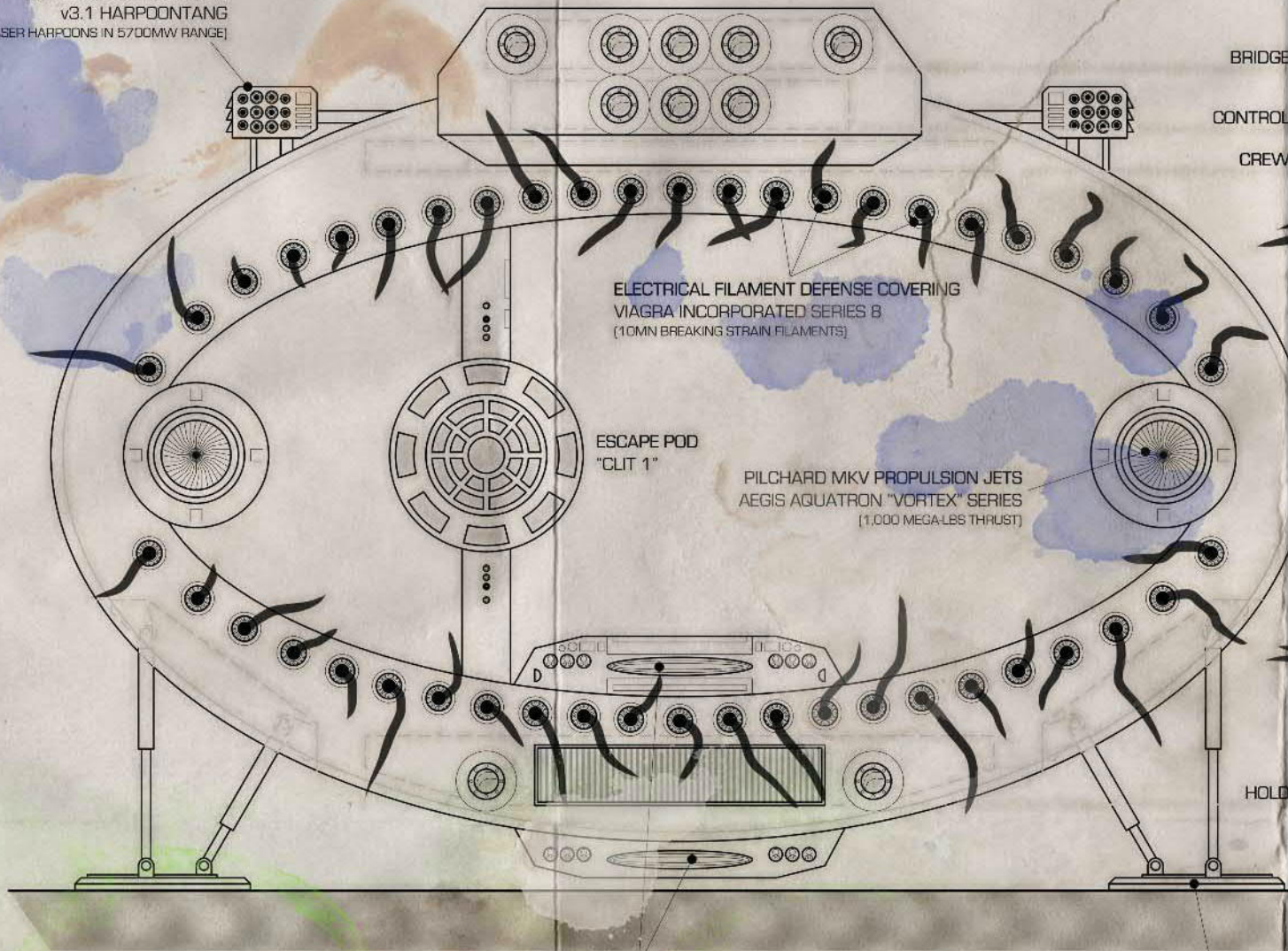
Special: These zedi apprentices have only basic zedi training.

Treasure: They each carry 93 credits.

**'Darth
Facepalm
calls his
base
Dojo 13.'**



NEPTUNA CORPORATION
v3.1 HARPOONTANG
(LASER HARPOONS IN 5700MW RANGE)



FRONT ELEVATION ON VESSEL



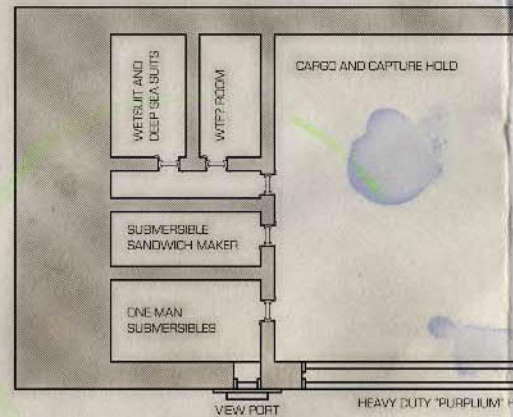
"TUNA CLASS" CONJOINED VESSELS
(FOLLOW SYSTEM PROCEDURES V2.3
FOR CURRENTS ABOVE 100KM/HR)

PEARL NECKLACE CAPTURE DEVICE
JUICE-GOO SYSTEMS V600
(MOLECULAR CHAIN-LINK EJECTION SYSTEM)

"THE BEARDED CLAM"

(CUSTOM TUNA CLASS VESSEL)

HSSSSS M
Halibut Sub
Stabilisation
(Suction Force)



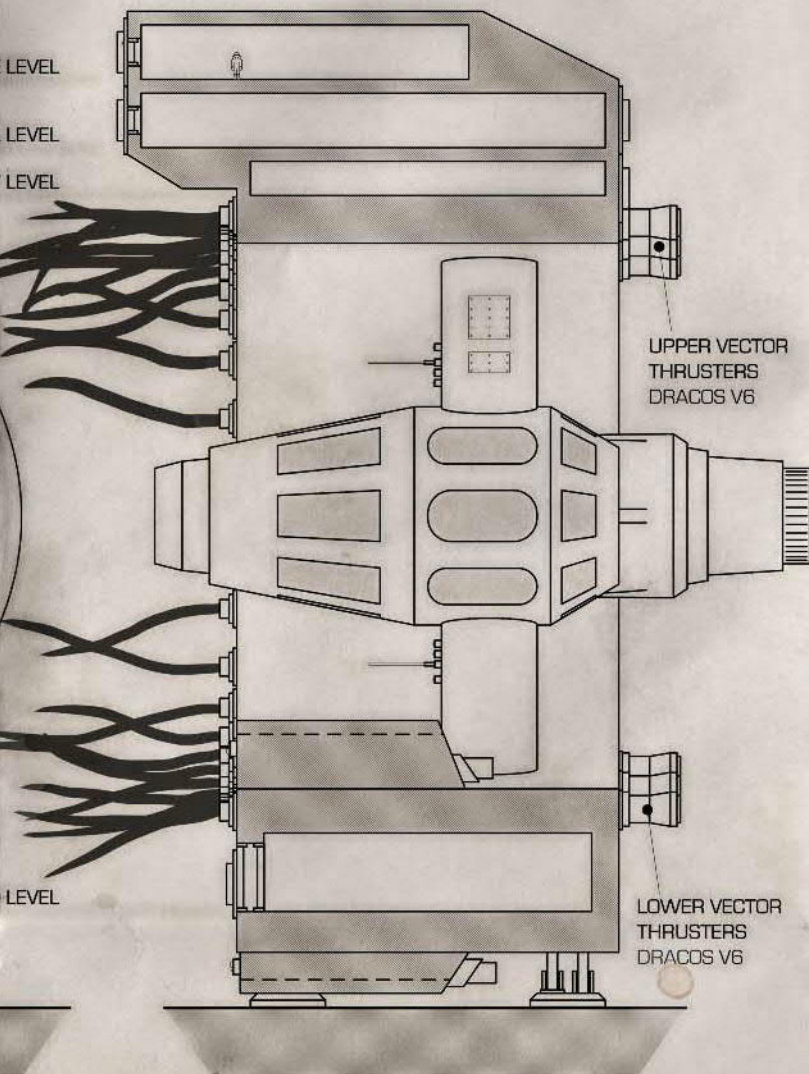
DRAWN : G. SEAL.	DATE : 4122-668-2
APPR'D : V. SATANIS	ISSUE : F
SCALE : $\leftrightarrow 2M$ $\xleftrightarrow{4M}$	PROJECTION : 1ST
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DRAWING NUMBER : TOA/VS111/887-88	

AQUA CORP

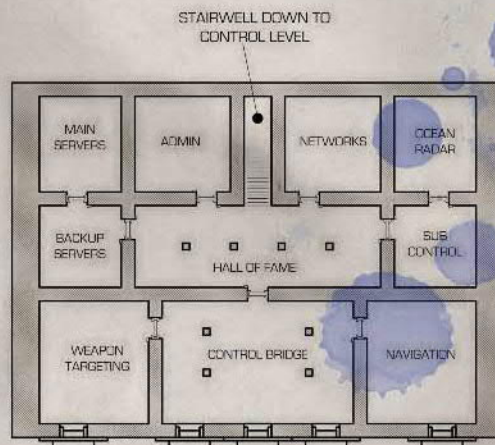
Galaxy-class Ocean Vessel Construction

DO NOT SCALE

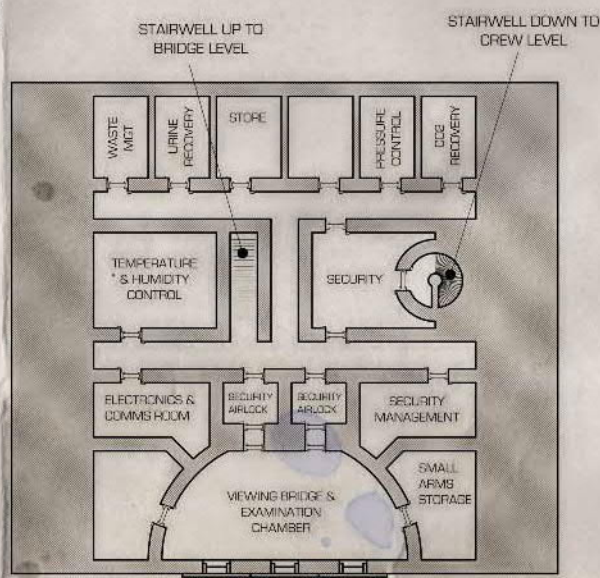
IF IN DOUBT, ASK



SECTION THROUGH VESSEL

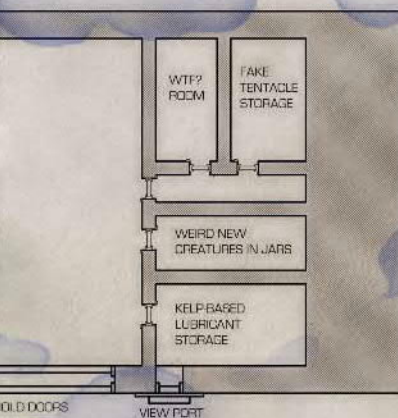


BRIDGE LEVEL PLAN

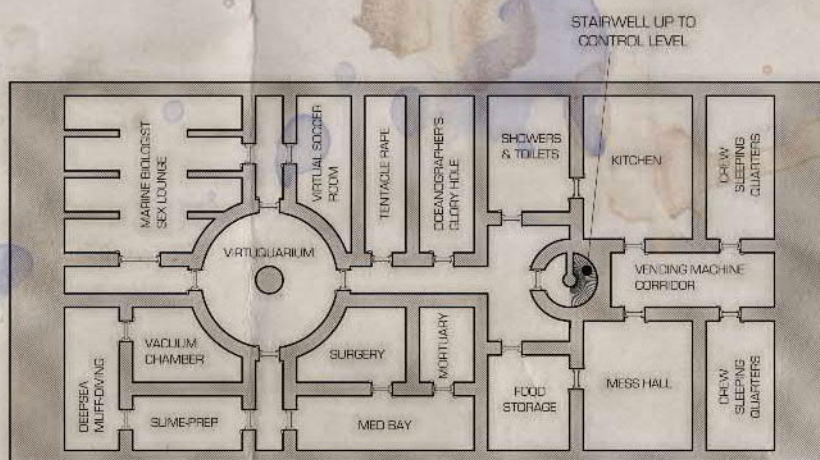


CONTROL LEVEL PLAN

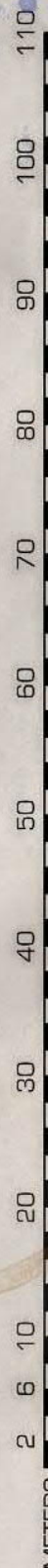
K2
Sea Surface
Support System
(5000KN per support)



HOLD LEVEL PLAN



CREW LEVEL PLAN



CREDITS

Slippery When Wet was created by Venger As'Nas Satanis, © 2016

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Please visit my RPG websites: <http://vengersatanis.blogspot.com/> & <http://draconicmagazine.com/>

Supreme Kickstarter Commanders: Trentin C. Bergeron and Andrew Augustine DiNovo

Regarding the "Futuristic Exclamations," thanks goes out to Ian Hagan, Glynn Seal, Scott Dexter, Thaumiel Nerub, William L, Andrew Prince, and whoever's responsible for the future of Black Adder.



Check out the next exciting
adventure for the Alpha Blue RPG
this Spring - **Assault on Dojo 13**